

The Saturday News

ALBERTA'S PROVINCIAL WEEKLY

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NOTE AND COMMENT

The references made on this page a week ago to Mr. Borden's tour of Alberta have received extended notice at the hands of two contemporaries. The Calgary *Albertan*, in reproducing the comment of the *Saturday News*, said:

"The *Albertan* has very much faith in the independence of the *Edmonton Saturday News*. It is as fair as it can be, is without bias, is intelligent and accurate. It is one of the few really independent newspapers of Canada. The *Toronto Sun* and the *Montreal Witness* are two others."

"The independence of *The News* is not the independence of neutrality. It speaks out fearlessly, but with no party prejudice. It advocated the election of W. L. Walsh, for Gleichen and presented the only good newspaper campaign that was conducted on behalf of that gentleman. It has absolutely no party affiliations."

"It sizes up Mr. Borden and passes judgment upon his western journey. It does not content itself with warning the enemy to beware of him. It passes judgment itself."

Needless to say, *The Saturday News* values very highly the opinion thus expressed, all the more because while it has disagreed frequently with the *Albertan* in the past, it has recognized that that newspaper was carrying on the best traditions of party journalism and that its views were always entitled to respect.

After the article to which the *Albertan* refers appeared a week ago, a well-known Conservative hailed the writer on the street:

"Well," said he, "I notice that you are coming out in your true colors at last. There is no use in your pretending any more that you are running an independent journal."

"It is a strange coincidence but that was almost identically the remark that a prominent Liberal made some two or three months ago. This much, however, should be said that while the *Liberal* in question was in a very bad humor when he expressed his opinion, and accompanied it by an order to stop his subscription, the *Conservative* admitted that while *The Saturday News* was a *Grit* newspaper, it was the kind of *Grit* newspaper that intelligent men didn't mind reading."

We mention these facts, not because we desire to assume any better-than-thou attitude, but because we believe that our readers are interested in the journalistic experiment that we are making and because we realize we are apt to be misunderstood and unjustly criticized.

The term "independent" is usually applied to a newspaper, which declines to take any decided stand on broad public questions. By declaring itself, it is bound to be brought into alliance, for the time being at least, with one party or the other. So it keeps strictly on the fence. Its editorial utterances are wholly colorless. No one can truthfully accuse it of using its position to help the fortunes of any politician. But because it is perfectly neutral it exercises no influence whatever. It offends no one but it gains no one's respect.

If that is the kind of "independent" journal that is wanted, *The Saturday News* will not undertake to supply the demand. Whenever it appears to its publishers to be in the interests of the public to espouse the cause of any particular candidate or party, it intends to do so. If it takes a stand, it will give its readers its reasons for doing so. Some of them, even the majority of them, may not agree with it. It will be a matter of regret if they do not. But all it can do is to

assure them of its honesty of purpose and trust that its record over an extended period of time will convince them that it is acting in good faith.

To return to our Conservative friend, we hardly think that his criticism was just. When he reads the above from the *Albertan* he will doubtless say: "Doesn't that prove the truth of what I was saying. Look how *The Saturday News* is playing right into the hands of the Liberals." As a matter of fact this is about the first instance in which this paper has received a word of commendation from a Liberal contemporary. But we could point out many in which it has received Liberal criticism and an equal number in which what it has said has met with Conservative approval. But all this is neither here nor there. The *Saturday News* does not expect to commend itself to the extremist in either political organization at any stage. But it does hope to win the confidence of the mass of thinking citizens who, unblinded by partisan prejudice, hold the balance in our public affairs.

In this connection it is well worth while quoting from a recent article in a great English journal of comment, the *Spectator*, an "independent" in the sense that *The Saturday News* tries to be.

"It is rare," says the *Spectator*, "to hear an Englishman say, 'I have no politics.' In England we all have political opinions, and we are sorry for our American friends who say they have none. It is very wrong for them to be content with such a state of indifference, we feel. Every man should come to a conclusion in matters so nearly concerning his own country. On the other hand, there are a vast number of people in this country of all classes whose political opinions consist in little more than loyalty to a label. They are excellent fillers of ballot boxes, they always come to the poll; but if one asks what foundation they have for their party preference, it is often ludicrously inadequate to support so weighty a structure. Very often it is accident which puts them behind the Liberal or the Tory leader, or perhaps a constitutional content or discontent with things as they are. Very often the personal element may come in to decide them, or that strange obstinacy which frequently rises to loyalty and descends sometimes almost to idiocy in the English character, and bind a man for life to the convictions he conceived at twenty-one."

Everyone should be interested in politics and have and hold to his opinions. But slavish partisanship involves intellectual degradation on the part of the individual and is responsible for a large proportion of the evils connected with popular government.

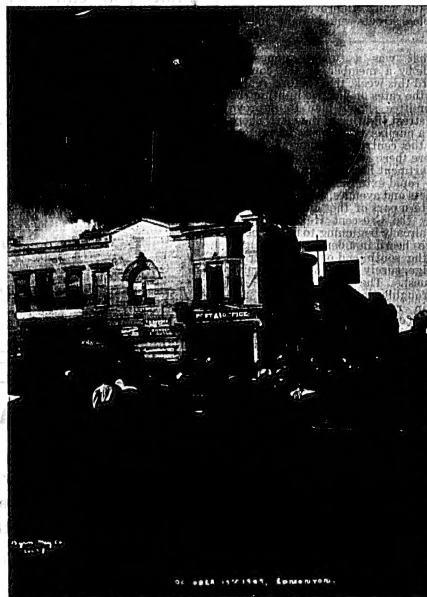
But we are getting away from the second contemporary mentioned in our opening paragraph. The *Edmonton Journal* found fault with our estimate of Mr. Borden. The statement was made on this page that Mr. Borden's programme contained but three outstanding constructive features, civil service reform, nationalization of the telegraph and telephone, and enlargement of the railway commission's powers. The first two, it was pointed out, represented only his personal opinions and there was every reason to believe that if returned to power he would find it impossible to carry them out. The third was but a development of the present government's policy.

But what about the proposal to extend the Intercolonial to the West? What about the restoration of the public lands to the western provinces? Are these not constructive features of importance, asks the *Journal*.

As to the first, we can hardly see how it could be expected to set the West afire! The Intercolonial will doubtless be extended in time. But

A Spectacular Blaze

[Photo by Byron-May Co.]



The destruction of the Edmonton Post Office by fire at noon on Thursday of this week. Temporary quarters have been secured at the Mechanics' Hall on Third Street, which, it is possible, will be occupied until the handsome permanent post office building, diagonally across from that destroyed on Thursday, is completed.

with one great transcontinental already in course of construction, it would surely be better to wait till it is completed before we even take into consideration another such undertaking.

As to the land question, it has never been an issue and never can be made one. To have given the public lands to the new provinces would have been both unprecedented and unreasonable. It has been the established policy both in the Dominion and the country to the south to administer the lands lying outside established states or provinces with a view to settling them. When the time came for granting autonomy to the parts of the country where they were situated, it was not considered in the public interests to take away the control of the public domain from the central authorities. The reasons for this were obvious. The disposal of the lands lay at the base of the whole immigration policy of the federal government and to have taken them away would have been to transfer this vitally important work from a highly organized and efficient department of government to one which was not at all fitted for the task. So, instead of surrendering the lands, the policy has been to give money compensation to the new states or provinces. The central authorities continued their immigration work and the new governments were left with ample means to carry out other projects, with which they were better able to cope. This was the course adopted with Manitoba. Why should Alberta or Saskatchewan have been treated differently? It might have made very much difference thirty-seven years ago when Manitoba was admitted to Confederation. There wasn't much immigration then to handle, but in 1905 it would have been folly to have thrown the work on the new provinces.

If we had been given our lands, we would have been much worse off than at present. If we had used them for the encouragement of settlement, we would have derived no revenue from them and have been poorer by the amount that was given us by the Dominion in compensation. If we had used them to yield a revenue, it would have been good-bye to the immigration policy which has been filling up the country so rapidly within the last decade. So little reason was there to complain in regard to this phase of the autonomy arrangements, that at the time it was mentioned but incidentally. The school question was the only issue. Why is nothing heard of that now? If Mr. Borden was in earnest two years ago, why has he omitted all reference to it during his present tour?

Even Mr. Haultain, whose name is most prominently connected with the land cry, was not so sure, at the time of the announcement of the provisions of the autonomy bill, that any wrong had been done the provinces. In the course of an interview at Ottawa on Feb. 24, 1906, he said: "I say I consider we are entitled to the public domain as a right. On the other hand I must admit that a substantial net income under this proposition, increasing with our population may be a very great advantage."

Further on he said: "The money arising from our sale of land would be our principal asset." He recognized that it would be necessary to sell the lands, rather than use them for immigration purposes, in order that the provinces could secure the funds necessary for their services. "But it would require," he continued, "a very prudent and strong administration to find that money, as the lands were sold, instead of looking upon it as revenue, as they have done everywhere else, with the result that some of them have eventually woken up and found they have no land and have spent the money derived from it. The people who approve absolutely of the government's mode of dealing with this question might very fairly say that a large net income, increasing as

time goes on, is a very fair substitute for the things we ask."

Mr. Haultain in the last sentence expressed to a nicety the settled conviction of those who are not led astray by a mere catch-cri. As to the generosity of the government's terms, it was Mr. Foster who told the House of Commons that they were so liberal that they would have the effect of leading other provinces to demand better treatment. In the face of declarations like these, and with the experience of the whole continent before us, it is hard to see how Mr. Borden expects to make anything out of this issue. So despite the *Journal's* lament, we persist in holding that the Conservative leader's declaration regarding the public lands does not show him a constructive statesman.

As to Mr. Borden's failure to adopt certain lines of attack, the *Journal* points out that he did take up the postal question at Red Deer and the *Calgary Herald* sends us a marked copy to show that the Blairmore townsie was discussed in that city. We stand corrected. It is a rather large task to read the reports of all the addresses delivered by a political leader in the course of an ocean-to-ocean tour and we took it for granted that the whole of Mr. Borden's message to Alberta would be incorporated in his Edmonton speech. However, it was poor politics for him not to mention these matters to the six thousand people who assembled to hear him at the *Albertan* capital.

"The town of Falaise, Norway, imposes no taxes on its lucky inhabitants," says the *London Eng., Bystander*. "During the last thirty years the authorities at Falaise have sold over \$5,000,000 worth of trees; and, by judicious replanting, have provided for a similar income every thirty years. In consequence of this source of commercial wealth, there are no taxes in Falaise, and local railways and telephone are free, as well as education and drinks—upon the king's birthday!"

Commenting upon the foregoing, the editor very aptly says:

"How Utopian the suggestion, at first blush, of a 'town without taxes'! Yet the explanation is simple. Instead of permitting all its forest lands to become private property, to be cut over, burned over, and converted into a desert, this town has simply retained an area for its own use, and has administered the forests thereon in accordance with forestry principles. In consequence, the community enjoys a permanent income from a permanent estate; an income, furthermore, sufficiently large to render taxation unnecessary."

The electric railway situation has been complicated by the possibility that Strathcona will grant a franchise to a private corporation. The ratepayers across the river will decide the question on Oct. 30th.

If they give away their franchise the immediate prospect for a satisfactory service within and between the two cities will be very far from bright. To make an electric railway pay from the first Edmonton and Strathcona must co-operate. It would be the interurban traffic that would for a considerable time to come be the main service of profit. A correspondence, conducted in an admirable tone, has been in progress between Mayor Griesbach and Mayor Mills during the past week. The latter states that, while some time ago it was intimated that the Strathcona council would take into its serious consideration any proposition made by Edmonton with a view to securing a franchise in that city, the municipal authorities across the river, not having heard anything of such a proposition, came to the conclusion that it had been abandoned and took up the negotiations with the private company, finally leaving the question as to whether it should be given a franchise or not to the popular vote.

Whether the Strathcona Mayor and councillors were justified in

Some More Sputterings

Horse Racing and Cattle Riding in the Early Ranching Days.

By E. N. Barker, Carleton

Amusements were none too plentiful in early days so that various sports had to be invented, and if a contest could be arranged with a bet up so much the gainers were. On one occasion our ranch had a very good running horse and he was slipped in without the public getting on to the game. After he was tried out in a match was made with a neighboring ranch to which we adjourned, upon a "Sunday," because the race ground was better there. As soon as the terms were arranged and the money up the horses were prepared. All people available came out to the race among which were two most respectable aged ladies, either 70 years of age or thereabouts. They put up their money like men, and, as the excitement rose higher, and possibly being accustomed to poker, put up more and more staking everything even to their earrings on our opponent. Our horse won amid great excitement, and having a wagon along we rounded up the spoils and started for home. When we came to take an inventory of the spoils at our bachelor diggings it was hard to divide up for we had something of everything and nobody wanted the old ladies' currials. We had shaps and spurs, bridles and bits, a saddle or two, clothes of different sorts, knives, scissors, boots, shoes, gold and silver watches and anything that was portable including a horse or two. We believe the trinkets were later restored to the old ladies but they had been game in the first case, paid their bets and never squealed.

RIDING CATTLE FOR WAGERS

Another diversion, when life was to slow, was riding cattle for wagers. Rivals would put up stakes that the one could stay on a cow longer than the other, and please remember that these cows were wild. Sometimes the cattle were corralled and saddled up, but on occasions one man would drive the cattle into a snow bank, then it was up to him with the match on to pick his cow and run up and get aboard while she was in the drift. When those cows got out of the drifts with riders aboard there was some fun and usually it ended in the rider, if he tried it face to the head, landing on the horns or going clean beyond, when it was policy for him to pick himself up quick and remove in the other direction. The timekeeper held the stakes and awarded the prizes. Upon one occasion our friends Dicky Bright and Hocking agreed to ride two cows for a prize of ten gallons of whiskey, the winner to be the one who stayed on longest, the loser to pay for the whiskey. On this occasion the two cows were saddled. The competitors fenced for time, i.e., neither one wished to be the first up but put a foot in the stirrup and watched the other, keeping a leery watch upon his cow's horns, the cow bawling and foaming and swishing her tail. At last Hocking got to a place where he had to drop his other leg over the saddle and Bright waited a little, then plopped on. The first man stayed a jump or two then went over the cow's head, but as Bright following soon after, but as he was the last man down, he was adjudged the winner and the other paid for the whiskey.

Most of us old fogies sit in grand stands now and watch amusements we pay to go and see, for to look at us we seem as harmless as the rest of mankind.

The most approved method of riding cattle is to put on a big pair of Mexican spurs, then drop on the cow face to tail, lie full length with legs tucked under the neck, and hands dropped down the flanks, with a secure hold on to the loose skin of the flanks with each hand. The only objection to this mode is that you

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The Week in Calgary

As Reviewed by the Correspondent of the Saturday News

The Formation of a Citizens' League—The Hillhurst Affair—What to do with the Poles.

Calgary, Oct. 17.
The announcement that a "Citizens' League" had been formed in Calgary for the purpose of bringing out in the municipal elections competent and progressive men with the moral welfare of the city at heart has been received with a great deal of interest, and further developments are expected to follow. There is beyond question need for such an organization, and not alone from the moral standpoint. While there are several good men on the present council board, it cannot be said that it is, as a whole, a credit to a progressive city. Nor can it be said that the members are efficient throughout. It's quite easy to substantiate that statement.

Some of the departments have been administered in a capable and business-like manner. Some of them haven't. To particularize, the public works and parks departments have fallen short of the standard. A good deal has been said about the energy displayed in dealing with the former. It is true that there has been energy. Last year there were two miles of sidewalks laid, this year twenty sewer connections have been pushed along, and something has been done in the way of road grading. But there has been gross waste in the matter of sidewalks, and the management. New plank walks were torn up that cement ones might be put down, while other parts of the city, built up with fine residences, waited in vain for walks of any kind. The chairman of the department has displayed sectional feeling. Some of this may be forgiven in any man. In the case in question it has been excessive, and should not be overlooked. He has not proven himself a sane and competent administrator of public affairs, and should not be elected to a commissionership at least.

The parks department has been managed in either a weak or a piggy manner. A strong hand is needed there. It is for the people to judge whether the present chairman has held back for reasons of economy or because he didn't like to undertake the responsibilities of the position. Calgary cannot afford to wait for a strong and progressive parks policy. There need not be undue haste on the expenditure at present of large sums of money. But it is vital that plans should be formulated and steps taken as will make it possible to realize them as the city can afford it.

Waterworks and light departments have been well administered. And there has been careful and praise worthy work by the finance committee. In the fire department little was needed, and there is nothing to criticize. The market and health committee are alert at the present time. Some progress has been made by them. The police committee has waited for instructions from the council. There are some things in which the council as a whole must act. It was lamentably failed in the latter department.

The latter it is which has been the final factor in the formation of a citizens' league. Its arrival is opportune. Will it be equal to the occasion?

There are several grave errors into which it may fall. It may attempt too much, and by a radical policy, and intemperate attacks on those whom they oppose, antagonize the moderate voter who would otherwise support them. It may run on whose whole platform, first, last

and always, is moral reform. This may be a serious mistake. One of the strongest pleas the committee can make is that there has been inefficiency in departments not connected with morals, and that the men they are hiring are those who will rectify this. Again, they may adopt a hole in the corner policy. But if it once becomes the impression that a few men in the city have banded into a clique with the idea that "we are the people and wisdom shall die with us," it's all up with the success of their campaign. This is to democratic country to be run on an oligarchical basis. The average man with a moderate interest in the movement doesn't want to say much, but he wants the chance to say it if he feels like it. The wisest thing for the league to do is to come out in the open just as soon as possible, and have the cooperation of every taxpayer interested in the progressive, economical and moral administration of the city.

The suburbanites out Hillhurst way are presenting an amusing spectacle. It may be their fault as a whole, it's more likely that they are taking the responsibility for the situation lies with a few. They want a lot out there, from a street car system to waterworks, but an attentive ear soon discovers that the dominating cry is for school accommodation. The deputation appears before the school board and after the preliminaries are over and the attacking party and defense get down to real business the question is asked of the personified Hillhurst, "If we, the Calgary school board, give you a school and provide a teacher, will you pay the ordinary school tax?" And Hillhurst personified, otherwise known as E. H. Riley, M.P.P., rises to reply. "We beg to inform the school board that by coming into the city we have been awfully nice to it, and also have largely increased the city's security—and we think we ought to have a school. And we really what's the use of paying for it? We thought Calgary was going to give us everything we wanted, and we wouldn't even be expected to keep on being nice."

The following evening, at Hillhurst, there is a round of protest against Calgary in general, and its school board and council in particular. The meeting decided that it doesn't like Calgary, and doesn't want to live with it any more. They'll have their own little school, they will indeed. And they'll pay for it too. And immediately they decide that they'll show "a thing or two right now. The result is that the munificent sum of \$27.50 is subscribed at a meeting where practically every resident of Hillhurst is present) and a committee is appointed to secure a teacher. Of course, \$27.50 is a rather moderate monthly salary, but the Hillhursters will make it up in honor. The Hillhurst school man can be monarch of all she surveys. She can be school inspector, board of trustees, superintendent of education and janitor. If she thinks a refractory suburbanite ought to be stood in a corner she needn't ask Dr. Scott about it. So \$27.50 ought to be enough—in fact, under the circumstances there might be a discount for cash.

There will never be a more opportune time for settling that pole question than the present. Confessedly, some of the main objections to the agreement with the cement company is the increase of poles on the streets. Especially on comparatively narrow streets such as Calgary has. These huge wooden poles not only spoil the

appearance of thoroughfares and avenues, but are a distinct menace and even a danger to foot and vehicular traffic. These objections are surely strong enough to render a remedy acceptable, even if it does cost something. Placing the poles in the alley ways has done something for Calgary's streets, but so many of them forests of bare poles still remain. Wires may be carried under ground or along buildings without the use of poles, and should be. Before the pavements are laid the council should grapple with this problem and settle it. A special commission to investigate the matter would be wise. On Seventh avenue, between First and Third streets east, there is not a single pole at present except for lights at the corner. This is perhaps the only clear space in the center of the town. To compare this with Eighth avenue, or Sixth is to obtain a striking object lesson in the vast improvement which poleless streets would make in the city.

That was a timely suggestion made by a member of the council board this week, that before reducing the rates on electric lighting the committee should plan to improve the street lighting of the city. There are a number of corners at present in the central part of the town where there are no lights, and the darkness has been kept pace with the rapid extension of a number of streets and avenues, especially in the western part of the city. Incidentally the Crescent Heights people are already beginning to make themselves heard in a demand for a light at the south end of Center street bridge, surely not an unreasonable request. The city should be thoroughly lighted before rates are again reduced. Brilliance would not be extravagant with the quantities of cheap power which Calgary can so readily obtain. Semi darkness should not be tolerated.

THE LOVING COUPLE AND THEIR FIRST BORN.

Once a loving couple were blessed with an offshoot, which they labeled Percy.

Percy's male parent had a system of his own for rearing him. On the other hand his ma had drawn blood at the club with a paper on "How to Push Young Men to the Front without Showing." Pa's idea was to give Percy a four-year school job as soon as he could swear. Then by the time Percy had hit the quarter century mark he would be able to conduct business. To provide high finance and sign checks in six figures was the governor's hobby.

After Percy did the high dive into the bathtub last night he would drag up a Morris and the scrap was on. She was saturated with the idea that son should become great along professional lines. According to her route sheet it was up to Percy to go through college. What was left of him she proposed tossing to some law school. Percy is porous and devoid of any knowledge by that time to paint "B.L." on his transom, she said. Often when out of her mind she would say, "Think of my boy B.L."

All the time the loving couple were drawing plans for Percy's finish he was getting ripe. The faster he sprouted the hotter grew the argument in the study. When he was ten his board of directors had just cast its second wind and was still hitting in the clinches. The parents' forces were wearing long trousers and staying out every night till nine thirty.

One night, just as the gong sounded for the forty-seventh round, he noticed how conspicuous Percy was by his absence. As pa threw a slipper at the pet canary and delivered several earnest quotations to his snoring partner, somebody opened up with diligence on the front bell. Ma, in her haste to loop the gap, disagreed with a cast of Shakespeare, so that the dream writer lost his standing. Pa, in his hurry, stopped on a tack and at the same time a swinging lamp put a leak in his roof. Both reached the door first.

Instead of wayward Percy there stood a tall person eating tobacco and wearing a helmet. On his coat was No. 44.

"Your kid's in the cooler," he remarked. "He certainly's the tall sprinter, all right, but they've got to play eagle to get one over on him. He's in with the rest of the canned goods, so I thought I'd tell you not to wait breakfast in the morning."

The papers next day had a good cut of Percy, his gang and the ten thousand dollar throat piece they had lifted. Percy's chances for the rock wagon were never better.

The judge on the job was a family man and let Percy down the shaft with only 1825 days, or five years.

Pa and ma have cornered the pen-cel market trying to figure out how Percy got in bad, when they had his interest so much at heart at home.

Deduction: It's easier and safer to raise a daughter.—George Ade.

The Canada Gazette just issued contains notice of an application by the C.P.R. for a charter to build a branch line from Killam, on the West-askin extension, north-westerly to Strathcona. What the object of such a line would be is difficult to understand as, to be direct, it would have to parallel the existing line as far as Camrose.

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Sunny Alberta.

A squadron of the Alberta Rangers is being organized in Cardston district. Mr. John A. Wood, M.P.P. has taken an active part in connection with the project.

On Saturday evening an accident occurred a mile and a half west of Ellerslie and ten miles from Strathcona, where Chris. Schneider, owner of a well-known farmer, sustained injuries which will cripple him for life. He was attending a threshing machine which was in operation, and one of the boxings on the top of the mill having become heated, he undertook to fix it without stopping the run. When stepped on the feed roller on which was a quantity of green straw, both his feet slipped and went into the cylinder and were mangled by the teeth. He was not released for four hours, when Dr. Crang arrived from Strathcona. Both feet were amputated. The unfortunate young man is 24 years old.

The officers chosen by the Conservatives of Red Deer, Dominion electoral district were: Hon. President, Hon. R. L. Borden; vice presidents, A. Gilmore, Lacombe; C. Hebert, M.P.P.; Didsbury; President, Dr. Collinson, Red Deer; vice presidents, Lacombe district, G. F. Reid, Stettler; Red Deer district, J. A. Carswell, Red Deer; Innisfail district, Dr. G. G. Menzies; Innisfail; Rosebud district, Mr. Wolf, Olds; secretary treasurer, W. E. Payne, Red Deer.

The Conciliation Board, chosen to compare into the Hillcrest ward, a dispute consisting of Hon. C. W. Fisher, J. R. Macdonald, representing the company, and F. H. Sherman, the men, opened the sittings at Frank last week.

Robert Shanks was fined \$50 at Innisfail for giving liquor to Robert C. Smith, a self-interested person.

At the last meeting of the Fort Saskatchewan council Major P. Aylen, Commanding Officer, C. Squadron, C.M.R., spoke against the town to guarantee a site for an armory building of probably 1000 by 2500. A letter received by Major Aylen from Col. S. B. Steele, was read in which he said: "The municipalities of Edmonton and Calgary have made an offer of a site if the Department will build a suitable armory, and I think this offer will be favorably considered by the Department. I shall be glad to hear that you can get an offer from your town council, and would like to have the offer made in writing under the signature of the Mayor." It was explained by

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Maj. Aylen that the Department would be sure to erect a building which would be a credit to the town and that if land for the purpose proposed could be got from the Government free they would do so. The Mayor was authorized by the council to guarantee the site.

Red Deer, High River and Pincher Creek are in the running for the reformatory to be established by the provincial government.

The grist mill, owned by Messrs Findlay and Townsend, was destroyed by fire a week ago Saturday at Leduc.

By a vote of fifty to nothing the people of Okotoks have agreed to aid a flour mill, being projected by Messrs McDonald and Ritchie.

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"There's no 'olding 'im now, Sir, since 'e's gone into knickers—'e's that pompous!"—Punch.



"Well, here's a hot!" says an old-timer as he lifts his glass, to which another responds "Drink hearty." What tenderfoot on hearing the former expression for the first time has not wondered what it meant. "Canada," a journal which is supposed to tell the old countrymen everything that he should know about the Dominion and of course could not be expected to neglect so important a matter as this, undertakes to explain. The reference, we are told, is to the thunderous "Ho" given by the captain of the great prairie buffalo-running parties of the first half of the last century as a signal to begin firing. In the fifties these parties consisted of thousands of persons—men, women, and children, and practically the whole population of Red River the seed-pot of Manitoba—took part in them, the bug being used to make a year's supply of pemican for all the outposts of the Hudson's Bay Co. throughout the vast Dominion of Rupert's Land. So this phrase, says Canada, is not a scrap of slang, but a key to the romantic history of the Inner West.

Now I know from certain conversations that I have had myself with old-timers that on reading this, they will say that the editor of "Canada" does not know what he is talking about. I would like to hear from them. Or possibly my department in the Saturday News is too humble and trivial for so weighty a discussion. If that is the case, why should not the Historical Society take it up?

The writer in Canada also explains some other Western colloquialisms. "Among the words which have already arrived," he tells his readers, are coulee (a small valley), canon, or canyon, gulch, corralle an enclosure for cattle, shanty (French Canadian chunter), tepes, latins, etc.

The exact meaning of some of these words is unknown to an untravelled Englishman. For example there is recalled the occasion of an English journalist visiting Western Canada for the first time, who mentioned in a descriptive letter the tribe-thirsty deeds of the Tepees, a tribe of Indians who are now everywhere in the great Northwest. Then there are the Western words which are arriving—not all of which will get there. The list of these might include chains, the cowboy's leather breeches, maverick (a calf which, parted from its mother, cannot be assigned to any particular brand-owner), and a variety of mining terms.

Anything "cached"—the words recall the time when all the rivers of the West were occupied by French-Canadian fur traders and trappers while money is known as "otter-skins" or "velvet" (both fur trading terms) or "dust." The other day a journal in the Western States, referring to the political Dianas who are hunting Mr. Asquith, expressed the opinion that the Westminster debates were likely to remain "rotational" "stag dances" for many years to come. A "stag dance" was—and still is in the ultimate mining camps—a ball attended by gentlemen only, where, by the way, the "men" smoke their pipes and the "ladies" wear hats.

Of course, all these words are so familiar to us that it seems strange that they should require explanation. But it wasn't always so. Even the Eastern Canadian on coming out West soon has to add to his vocabulary.

Strathcona feels especially honored by the degree recently conferred on his most eminent citizen, the Premier of the province. But those who believe in having strict regard for the proprieties find that the new title has its difficulties. "Dovey" River, the custom is to call everyone "Doe" who has the right to put "Doctor" in front of his name. Now no one in Strathcona would ever think of calling the representative in the Dominion House anything except "Doe" McIntyre. But when it comes to calling a grave and venerated doctor of laws, who is also the first citizen of Alberta, "Doe" Rutherford, there are many who think that it is time to call a halt. The latest intelligence is that a meeting on a street corner has decided that if they can't call the premier "Doe" they won't give him the title at all.

It has been discovered that George Washington, the man who, it was supposed, never told a lie, was, on one occasion at least, a liar. Some people are lamenting the fact

but I don't see why they should. It seems to me that it is simply a case of George being found out again. Anyone who would make the self-righteous speech which he is credited with, making after felling the historic cherry tree, was capable of doing anything. Well-meaning but foolish parents have held George up as a model. But what man is there among my readers who would not feel like giving a youngster of his a more spanking than ever if he came and made such a goody-goody confession of wrong-doing?

If George had said, when his father accused him: "I did it, dad, so get to work and get it over, but don't let us have that old story about its hurting you more than it does me," the ordinary father would have been proud of him. But when he added "I cannot tell a lie," he showed himself a young hypocrite. He knew the old man was on to him any way and this getting up on a high moral plane was only a subterfuge to avoid a thrashing.

I always doubted the truth of the story myself but if the incident did occur, I have no use for the Washington senior or Washington junior.

Speaking of the Father of the Country possibly you have heard of the old negro who claimed to have been on intimate terms with Washington. One day he was telling a crowd how he had accompanied him when he had secured his seat at the crossing of the Delaware; he had even followed the general when he went into the field against the French. "I suppose you were present when he took that hack at the cherry tree?" asked one of the listeners.

"I surely was," was the darky's rejoinder. "Why, I drove that hack myself."

Washington was a remarkable man in many ways but our friends across the border sometimes get tiresome in their references to him. One of them was in Scotland not long since, when he and the Scotchman he was going the rounds with came across a portrait of the first American president.

"There," said the tourist, "is a man through whose lips a lie never passed! That is more than can be said of any Scotchman."

"Yes," was the reply, "I suppose George won't speak through his nose like the rest of 'em."

Hon. W. T. Finlay, Minister of Agriculture for Alberta, was entertained at a complimentary banquet in his native town, Lisburn, Antrim, Ireland, the other day. With what new fervour the honorable gentleman will sing "The Dear Little Shamrock" at the festive gatherings of the coming winter.

"Life in this world," writes a friend, "is very complex and the following lines set us thinking as well as the baby."

WAGTAIL AND BABY—AN INCIDENT OF CIVILIZATION.

(By Thomas Hardy).

A baby watched a ford, whereto
A wagtail came for drinking;
A blaring bull went wading through:
The wagtail showed no shrinking.
A stallion splashed his way across,
The birdie nearly sinking;
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,
And held his own, unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot
Monogramed slowly sinking:
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not
In dip and sip and prinking.

A perfect gentleman then neared:
The wagtail, in a twinkling,
Rose terrified, and disappeared.
The baby fell a-thinking.

"Have you any children?" demanded a landlord, according to Tit Bits.
"Yes," replied the would-be tenant, "I'm simply, 'six—all in the cemetery."

"Better there than here," said the landlord, consolingly; and proceeded to execute the desired lease.
In due time the children returned from the cemetery, whither they had been sent to play, but it was too late to annul the contract.

"It's hard," said the sentiment landlady at the dinner table, in a Fraser Avenue boarding house, "to think that this poor little land should be destroyed in its youth just to cater to our appetites."

"Yes," replied the smart boarder, struggling with his portion, "it is tough."

HER HAIR.

(New York Press.)

"I've just been combing out my hair. The locks that you admire, And that I've written you just a line Before, dear, I retire."

"Twice thus she wrote unto the swain Who scarce a month ago Had placed a diamond glittering Upon a hand of snow. She told the simple honest truth, For she would scorn to lie, That maiden with the rosy cheek And innocent brown eye."

But what she didn't tell the youth Was that the flowing hair She combed so carefully each night Was fastened to a chair.

The Liberals of Leduc are making preparations for a banquet to Dr. McIntyre, M.P., at the Waldorf hotel on Oct. 30th, prior to his leaving for Ottawa.

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The Investor

All summer long prospecting parties have been journeying into the country that lies beyond the Yellowhead Pass, a great region, the development of which will be the outstanding feature of the next years of Canadian history. The Frank Paper tells of trips taken by well-known residents of that part of Alberta, whose experiences may be taken as typical of those of thousands of others. Charles M. Scaddan of Coleman, accompanied by Steve Manahan, formerly proprietor of the Coleman hotel, left Edmonton the first of May, travelling by pack train. They followed what is known as the Jasper trail to the Yellowhead. They found it necessary to swim their horses across the Athabasca and raft their supplies, a ticklish undertaking in high water, but met with no mishaps and after waiting for many days through the mountains they eventually reached the pass, crossed the divide and went down the west slope to Teete Jaune Cache. From there it was impossible to travel further with horses and Mr. Manahan being much used up, turned back. Mr. Scaddan kept on, having fallen in with two other adventurers on a like mission. They rode down the Fraser to the Little Smoky, thence up the Little Smoky on foot, packing their outfits on their backs, to the summit of the Clear Water, eventually crossing to the north fork of the Fraser.

Mr. Scaddan was looking principally for timber but though the mountains were covered with limitless forests, the timber had virtually all been staked before he reached it. It was his intention to carry his explorations further but the grub ran out. At was, his party was obliged to subsist on the scantiest of rations for many days.

Mr. Scaddan states that he saw three railroad survey parties working west, one behind the other, all working with great energy in the effort to complete the surveys this season. Mr. Scaddan states the country is rich in timber, coal and farming lands but that it is a good country to stay away from until it is possible to go in by rail.

John P. Wilson of Blairmore, accompanied by Fred Williams and Roy Thompson of the same place, left early in the spring for the north country, traveled by way of Ashcroft. They journeyed from Ashcroft to Barkerville on the old Cariboo stage road, about 250 miles and from there travelled by pack train to the Fraser river, finding it necessary to cut a trail a considerable portion of the way. At the Fraser Mr. Wilson sent one of the men back to Barkerville with the horses and with the other, crossed down the Fraser until he again encountered the stage road.

They prospected the country en route and located eighty-two timber claims and 6000 acres of land. The locations were made in the interest of Frederick Engen of Saskatoon.

Mr. Wilson is enthusiastic over the country and says it is the finest in all British Columbia. He describes it as a vast region, rich in timber and coal and a great proportion of the land the very best for farming purposes. He thinks it will be at least five years before the railroad will be completed and in operation.

At the last meeting of the Medicine Hat city council the question of the "Malcolm's Canneries" came up again. The mayor's remarks during the debate are reported by the News as follows:

"Much has been said about the action which he had taken in regard to turning down the canneries by-laws after it had been passed by the people. He had made no explanation at the time, but was prepared to do so now. He did not believe the canneries were any better than a gold brick. There never was any intention to any canneries. He did not believe they were any good, and the council should not encourage them. When the ratepayers' petition had been presented at the last meeting he had said that it would not do any harm to submit another bylaw provided conditions were inserted regarding the number of employees, etc. He had now altered his opinion. He did not believe it was the duty

of the council to submit any such scheme. The council was supposed to have brains and to use them. He knew sufficient to know that no by-law of the kind should be put in view of the fact that the canneries were no good in any way, shape, or form. It would be foolish to submit such a bylaw.

Later on, when an application for additional lighting came up the mayor said:

"The only difficulty existed in the lack of funds. The city was worse off than ever before. He had just been in Toronto and found that all debentures were very hard to sell, and that Medicine Hat was the worst of all because the town had voted to put \$20,000 into an industrial concern. In every financial office that he had entered they had said, 'We know who you are. You voted to assist a gold brick concern.'"



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Note and Comment.

(Continued from page 1)

making this assumption or not, it is evident that a mistake was made in not having the municipalities come to an understanding at an earlier date. But it is not too late for them to do so now, and it is imperative in the interests of both cities that they should. To enable them to do so, the Strathcona ratepayers when they come to vote on this proposal should reject it. Negotiations may thus be taken up anew.

The relations of the two municipalities have been very satisfactory in the past and the people as a whole in both have acted with an extraordinary amount of good sense. They have recognized that their interests are inextricably interwoven and that no foolish spirit of rivalry can do either of them any good.

The Strathcona Chronicle is doing its best to bring about a change in all this. On every possible occasion it raises the anti-Edmonton cry and, as was to be expected, it is not neglecting the present opportunity. "We think," the Chronicle says, "that the Strathcona franchise is safer in the hands of local citizens like John Walter, Robert Ritchie, and F. C. Jamieson than in the hands of a rival city."

With all due respect to the gentlemen mentioned, it should be pointed out that in a matter like this they stand merely as stock-holders in a corporation. Their stock may be transferred at any time and what the Strathcona ratepayers will have to reckon with is not the public-spiritedness of these citizens as individuals but the self-interest of whoever at any time holds their stock. The Saturday News wants to see municipal ownership of the street railway lines in both cities. But even if it is not brought about, it believes that at least co-operation between the two municipalities in regard to their arrangements with private individuals is absolutely necessary.

For two reasons, therefore, we hope that the Strathcona ratepayers will reject the bill by law being submitted to them. Municipal ownership sentiment has hitherto been very strong in both cities and we do not believe that those who are advising the abandonment of the principle speak for the body of citizens in either place.

At this juncture, it would be well to take note of certain revelations that are now being made in New York city in connection with private ownership of street railways. They are of a most astounding character. It has been proven that a ring of high financiers, with men like Thomas F. Ryan and William C. Whitney at their head, have participated in the most colossal grafting scheme on record at the expense of the shareholders of the Metropolitan Street Railway Co. Here are a few instances. The Fulton street line they purchased for \$160,000 and turned over to the Metropolitan for stock of the value of \$1,850,000. The Lexington Avenue line which cost \$1,500,000, they dispose of to the Metropolitan for \$18,500. Altogether for roads that they purchased for \$8,500,000 they secured \$41,700,000. High financiers of this character are crossing into Canada now for the purpose of securing our franchises, and it will pay every Canadian municipality to be careful about giving away any of its valuable privileges. If they could rob the shareholders of the Metropolitan of \$23,000,000 with such comparative ease, what could they not do to a body of citizens whom they got into their power?

The present applicants for franchises may be reputable men but, especially in cities, for which the future holds so much as it does for Edmonton and Strathcona, once the privileges are parted with, they will not stay long in the hands of the original owners. With such tremendous interests at stake, it would be the height of folly for the people of either city to be stampeded into the course, evidently favored at the present time by the majority of the members of the two council bodies.

The burning of the Edmonton post office building, on Thursday was most unfortunate occurrence. Temporary quarters have been secured in the Mechanics' Hall on Third

street and it is understood at the time of writing that very little of the mail matter was destroyed. But a period of much disorganization is bound to ensue, in which the public will have to be lenient with the officials. It has taken a lot of hard work on the part of Postmaster May and his assistants to bring about an improvement in the service and this setback is very discouraging. If readers of the Saturday News do not receive their papers at the regular time this week, we trust that they will make allowances.

Home and Society.

(Continued from page 8)

lovely flowers added a touch of beauty and fragrance, contrasting brightly with the Autumn tinted gowns of the women of fashion.

On Saturday Mrs. Beck entertains at luncheon, when a most interesting announcement will, I believe, be made.

The Misses Gladys and Kate Bourchier, who have had a most interesting six months' trip north are expected home this week end. Mr. Tommy Kelly who has been absent from town on his usual summer boat trip in the north is also due to arrive on Friday.

Mrs. Archibald Campbell of Toronto Junction is visiting Mrs. J. E. Wallbridge, Seventh street, having accompanied her daughter west for a visit.

Now that the colder weather makes indoor entertainments more acceptable many hostesses are again turning their attention to the always popular bridge party, and teas have again become a necessary part of the daily routine. Dinners and luncheons are also receiving a fair share of attention, even the young girls having their own smart little noon-day affairs in quite city fashion. On Thursday Miss Annie McDougall was the hostess of one such event, a party of young girls enjoying a récluse repast, when Miss Elinor Taylor poured the tea and Miss McDougall was an assistant hostess. I heard that the table was really beautifully arranged and that the hours following the luncheon were made doubly enjoyable by every guest who could take part in an impromptu musicale.

Government House threw open its doors for the first afternoon reception of the season on Thursday, when a perfect avalanche of callers paid their respects to its gentle mistress, who did the duties of the occasion in her own simple sweet unaffected way.

Mrs. Bulyea is looking rather more robust than before she went away, and on Thursday looked particularly well in a dainty fine white muslin frock, beautifully embroidered and inset with lace.

Receiving with her was her sister, Miss Bulyea, a remarkably pretty girl with the loveliest dark eyes and a decidedly winning manner. She too wore white, a soft girlish gown, eminently becoming.

The tea-room was, as always, most attractively arranged, Mrs. Bulyea's well-known love of flowers and the disposal of them, finding a happy expression for the occasion in a huge bowl of white roses centering an exquisite Japanese needle work cloth, with pumpkin colored ribbons stretched diagonally to the corners, where pumpkin shaped candle lights cast a quiet yellow glow over the pretty scene. Here Mrs. Cross presided, beautifully frocked in champagne colored cloth, with rich Japanese ribbon garniture and much befrilled lace, and a stunning picture hat.

The reception occurred too late in the week for me to describe the guests and their costumes, the only one I feel justified in mentioning was the Hon. Justice Giesbrecht, who caused quite a sensation by arriving all together, looking very wise and immensely dignified. If I am any judge of such very learned persons I should say that we have every reason to be tremendously proud of our Supreme Court in Alberta, the latest acquisition, Mr. Justice Beck, having all the qualifications which must add honor and dignity to even this honored body.

Mr. Bowser Campbell has purchased the Hon. C. W. Cross's residence on Seventh street, and moved into his new home a week or more ago.

About Town.

Mackenzie and Mann are moving their oil drilling outfit, in charge of W. R. Martin, from Langham, Sask., to Egg Lake, near Morinville, where boring operations will commence at once.

At the annual meeting of the provincial medical association, held in Edmonton at the end of last week, the following officers were chosen: President, Dr. H. C. Wilson, Edmonton; 1st vice pres., Dr. Malcolmson, Frank; 2nd vice pres., Dr. H. R.



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Smith, Edmonton; 3rd vice pres., Dr. MacEachren, Calgary; 4th vice pres., Dr. Hewitson, Pincher Creek; secretary treasurer, Dr. Dunn, Edmonton. It was decided that the association should meet next year at Banff.

The banquet held by the Edmonton Bar Association last Friday night in honor of the first sitting of the Supreme Court of Alberta was a notable event. Mr. J. C. F. Bown K.C., the president of the association, presided, and the speakers included the judges of the High Court, the attorney-general, members of the local Bar, and several visitors.

The American-Canadian Oil has applied to the Edmonton Council for a non-exclusive natural gas franchise. They propose to lay pipes from their well, now in operation, north of Morinville. A special committee has been appointed to take up the negotiations.

C. S. Eaton, western manager of the International Lighting and Heating Co., who was given an artificial gas franchise in Edmonton and Strathcona last spring, is seeking similar privileges inacombe, Red Deer and Wetaskiwin.

Suit having been entered against the city commissioners and the medical health officer by the proprietors of the Alberta Hotel for damages, as a result of the city's action in closing that establishment as a result of the smallpox outbreak, the council has made provision to defend the action in the city's behalf.

Trucks are being laid to Clover Bar G.T.P. bridge by the Canadian White Co., for the purpose of conveying the outfit which they will use in connection with the big fill there. Mr. H. H. Lampman has returned from the third trip into the Peace River country this season in the interests of the Peace River Colonization Co. Thirty-two hardy settlers have been satisfactorily located as a result of the season's work.

The Prince Arthur Cafe has again closed its doors.

The retail clerks of Edmonton have formed a protective association. The Clarke Dredge at the mouth of White Mud Creek has gone into winter quarters and Mr. Clarke has returned to Chicago. It is claimed that it has proven a complete success and that next season active gold mining operations will be begun.

A large number from Edmonton attended the first exhibition of the St. Albert Agricultural Society at Morinville on Thursday of last week. The fair was a distinct success and the directors were warmly congratulated on the result of their efforts. The manoeuvres of Major Thibault's squadron of Canadian Mounted Rifles added much to the pleasure of the day.

Strathcona ratepayers will on Oct. 30 vote on the ward system, on the electric railway franchise and on a by-law to authorize the council to borrow \$96,000.

A very enjoyable afternoon's sport was provided by the Edmonton Turf Club on Tuesday afternoon, the proceeds being donated to charity.

BORN.

Casley—On Thursday, October 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Casley, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Lawrence—Fisher—At the home of the bride's father, James Fisher, Esq., Strathcona East, on Wednesday, Oct. 2nd by the Rev. David Flemming, Gilbert G. Lawrence to Miss Georgina Fisher, all of Strathcona.

Tatum—Shanks—At the home of the bride's parents, Edmonton, on Oct. 9, Alma Henrietta, daughter of Mr. F. D. Shanks, to Arthur F. S. Tatum, manager of the Union Bank, Bowden, Alta.

Anderson—Moffatt—On Oct. 1st, by Rev. T. Reikie, at St. David's church, Ledue, Howard Britton Anderson, eldest son of Mr. A. M. Anderson to Miss Cora Elizabeth Moffatt, of Owen Sound, Ont.

DIED.

Stewart—At Fort Saskatchewan on the 1st inst., Margaret, widow of James Green Stewart, late chief factor of the H.B. Co., in her 78th year.

Glanville—In Ledue, on September 28, Elizabeth S., relict of the late Wm. Glanville.

OUR CLUBBING OFFERS.

The Saturday News has a standing arrangement with other publications which allows its readers the opportunity to secure a very large amount of excellent reading matter at a small cost. Here are our offers: The Saturday News for one year \$1.50 The Saturday News, the Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star 2.15 All these with the Farmers' Manual and Veterinary Guide 2.30

The Saturday News With Weekly Globe 2.25 With Saturday Globe 2.30 With Daily Globe 3.30 With Montreal Daily Witness 2.80 With Weekly Witness 2.00 With World Wide 2.25 With Northern Messenger 1.75 With Winnipeg Weekly Free Press 1.90 With Winnipeg Daily Free Press 2.25 With Farmer's Advocate 2.75

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 Sidney I. Everfield, Cardston

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19



The Saturday News is the official
 organ of the Alberta Farmers' As-
 sociation, but the latter is only re-
 sponsible for the views which are
 expressed in this department of the
 paper. While the publication is
 thoroughly in sympathy with the
 objects of the A.F.A., it is man-
 ifestly unfair to ascribe opinions
 which are expressed in other parts
 of the paper, dealing for the most
 part with matters which have no
 direct connection with agriculture
 and which would reasonably be ex-
 pected to give rise to controversy,
 either to the officers or to the mem-
 bers of the Association.

A. F. A. Notes.

The secretary of the A.F.A. is in
 receipt of a letter dated Vermilion,
 Alta., Sept. 25, 1907, in which the
 writer says: "I and a friend have
 cattle for sale for which we can find
 no market here. There are 14 steers
 year old of good quality; 4 steers 3
 year old, medium quality; 4 steers
 2 year old of good quality, 3 fat
 heifers, 12 yearling heifers and
 steers of good quality. Can you
 find a market for these?"
 With letters like this before him
 from the small stockmen of the
 North, predictions of a scarcity
 growing out of the "Basing of the
 range" sound to him very much like
 prophecies of starvation to inhabi-
 tants of the earth while wheat is
 selling for 50 cents per bushel.

E. N. Barker writes from Card-
 ston: "About all the grain in the
 south country has been picked up
 by now and the new attachments to
 the cutter bar seem to be the thing
 for fall grain."

Threshing is in full swing and the
 grain yield is heavy per acre, with
 however, rather a superabundance
 of straw. Mr. L. H. Jelliffe of
 Spring Coulee, a gentleman from
 Illinois, claims to have threshed 625
 bushels of winter wheat from 60
 measured acres. How does this
 sound for the dry belt. Many crops
 are running 40 bushels per acre.
 The weather since the snowstorm has
 been very good. As prices of grain
 run high farmers should do well.

BREEDING OF HOGS FOR FAR-
MERS.

The secretary of the A.F.A. is in
 receipt of a letter from the secre-
 tary of the Edmonton Board of
 Trade stating that the plant of the
 J. Y. Griffin Co. will, when com-
 pleted have a capacity for handling
 4000 hogs daily. This company is
 prepared to import one or more car-
 loads of breeding hogs for the far-
 mers of the country tributary to
 Edmonton. Farmers desiring to
 take advantage of this company's
 offer should address the secretary
 of the Board of Trade, Edmonton, who
 will see that the same is properly
 attended to.

EDMONTON MARKETS

On the local markets the receipts
 are very light, and prices are ruling
 higher for wheat and oats. Oats are
 selling on market square at 45 to 60c
 per bushel.

Elevator prices.

No. 1 Northern wheat, 100c bush;
 No. 2, Nor. wheat, 97c per bushel;
 No. 3, Nor. wheat, 93c per bushel;
 Lower grades, 65c to 80c per bushel;
 No. 1 White Oats 45c. per bushel;
 No. 2 white oats, 41c per bushel;
 No. 3, white oats, 40c per bushel;
 Feed barley, 35c per bushel; malting
 barley, 45c per bushel; No.
 N.W. Flax, \$1.15 per bushel.

HAY.

No. old hay. Liberal supplies of
 new hay.
 Ruling prices about as follows:
 Baled Hay in car lots—
 Slough, \$7 to \$10 per ton.
 Upland, \$10 to \$14 per ton.
 Timothy \$12 to \$17 per ton.

By the load on market square, new—
 Slough, \$7 to \$10 per ton.
 Upland, \$10 to \$14 per ton.
 Timothy, \$15 up per ton.
 Coal, \$4.50 to \$5 per ton.

Local Flour, Retail.
 Local patent \$3.30 per cwt.
 Strong Bakers, \$2.90 per cwt.
 Manitoba, best patent, \$3.60.

PRODUCE MARKET.

Prices quoted are average prices
 being paid to farmers in quantities

Eggs.
 Strictly fresh, 30c per doz.

Butter.
 Fancy dairy, 1 pound prints, 28
 cents per pound.
 Good to choice dairy, 20 to 25c
 per pound.

Dairy in crocks and tubs, 18 to 25
 cents per pound, creamery butter
 35 cents per pound. Old but-
 ter, slow sale.

Potatoes.
 Old potatoes off the market.
 New potatoes, 35c to 40c per
 bushel.

LIVE STOCK

Receipts of hogs are light.
 Cattle are becoming more plentiful.
 Cattle, live weight - Steers, 3c
 per pound; Cows, 2c per pound.

Live hogs, heavy, 5c per pound;
 light and medium, 5c to 6c per
 pound.
 Live sheep 5 1-2c per pound. Veal
 calves, live weight, 3c to 4c per lb.
 Veal calves, dressed, 6 to 8c per
 pound.

POULTRY

Turkeys—Live, 16c to 18c per lb.;
 dressed, 18c to 20c per lb.
 Spring chickens—Live, 15c per lb.
 Old hens—Live, 12c per lb.;
 dressed, 15c per lb.

WINNIPEG.

At the end of last week on Sat-
 urday were very strong and on Sat-
 urday, the 12th inst., prices for all
 kinds of grain touched the highest
 point reached for a long time. With
 the beginning of this week quite a
 change came over the markets and
 there has been a big reaction and
 decline which has carried prices in
 the American markets down 2c to
 4c, and in our Winnipeg market the
 decline has been 6c plus from a week
 ago. The recent advance in prices
 had evidently been carried too high
 and the decline is a natural reaction
 from an over-bought market, much
 of the leading in which was mostly
 speculating and doing to sell out
 in a hurry whenever a decline of
 consequence seemed imminent.
 Once started on the down course
 nothing could hold it. The general
 wheat situation as strong as
 before and there is no doubt that
 before next year's harvests are
 ready wheat will be scarce and
 prices will be high again. Oats in
 our Winnipeg market have also
 declined heavily. No. 2 white oats
 have been very scarce for delivery
 on October contracts, and a good
 deal of these had been settled at
 high figures without delivery of the
 grain being made. Recently, more
 No. 2 oats have come along out of
 the new crops than was expected
 and contracts have all been filled
 and the price has dropped. Barley holds
 firm, but flax seed has also declined.
 Today's Winnipeg prices are:—
 No. 1 Northern, 108c; No. 2 Northern,
 106c; No. 3 Northern, 102c;
 No. 4 Wheat, 97c; No. 5 Wheat,
 86c; Feed Wheat, 76c; and Oats
 No. 2, 74c. Spot, en route or Oct.
 delivery and futures closed: Oct.,
 108c; Nov., 108c; Dec., 106c; May,
 111c. Oats—No. 2 White, 53c; No.
 3, 41c; 41c. Spot, en route or Oct.
 delivery: No. 2 White—Nov., 51c;
 Dec., 50c; May, 52c. Barley—No.
 3, 71c; Nov., 68c. Flax—No. 1 Nor-
 Western, 132c. Thompson and Co.

Personalities

Dr. McIntyre, M.P. has spent some
 days last week in the Eastern part
 of his constituency along the line of
 the G.T.P. railway. He went almost
 to the provincial boundary and vis-
 ited the sections set apart for the
 buffalo on the Battle River. He
 was very much impressed by the
 character of the grade being con-
 structed by the new transconti-
 nental. Nothing like it has ever
 been seen in the country before.

The Toronto Globe has the follow-
 ing: "Hon W. H. Cushing, Minister
 of Public Works for the province of
 Alberta, who is in the city attending
 the General Board of Missions of the
 Methodist Church, leaves tonight for
 Peterboro' to enquire into the Cana-
 dian machine telephone system. He
 is anxious to have the very best pos-
 sible for the Province, which is put-
 ting in operation a telephone system
 of its own. On Friday night he ex-
 pects to go to Brockville to inspect
 the system of schools for the blind
 established there. Hon. Mr. Cush-
 ing has just completed a tour of the
 eastern Provincial capitals, as well
 as several State capitals, in search
 of pointers for the new legislative
 and Government office buildings, the
 foundation stone of which he expects
 to be laid about the first of next
 July."

The Medicine Hat News says:
 "Lord and Lady Hindlip arrived in
 the city from the West last night
 and are the guests of Mr. J. D. Mc-
 Gregor. This morning the party
 was taken out to the Grand Forks
 ranch by Mr. C.R. Mitchell and Dr.

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Smith in their autos. Lord Hindlip
 is one of the English shareholders
 in the Southern Alberta Land Co.
 Lord and Lady Hindlip have been
 out in the wilds of Northern British
 Columbia hunting big game in the
 vicinity of Telegraph Creek, where
 Mr. George Earl Adist, brother of
 the City Treasurer, acted as their
 guide.

Much regret was expressed in Leth-
 bridge over the death of Col. C. H.
 Peterson, United States immigra-
 tion agent in that city. Col. Peterson
 was a former resident of Philadel-
 phia but since coming to Leth-
 bridge two years ago had taken a
 whole-hearted interest in the latter's
 affairs.

Some More Sputterings

(Continued from page 1)

cannot see where you are going to
 but you can stay longer.

DIFFERENCE IN VIEW POINT

The difference in ethics is very
 plainly evident in different countries
 and just where to draw the line is a
 problem with a traveller in a strange
 country and is often a subject of
 doubt, for we can do something in
 one place with impunity which are
 dire sins in another place, and so
 much depends upon the point of view.
 As a Rochester editor neatly put it
 some years ago. When on a visit to
 this place and dallying with break-
 fast one morning in the hotel he
 chanced to glance over the morning
 paper which was relating that Mr.
 W. J. Bryan had just returned from
 Europe and would write his impres-
 sions of the field of Waterloo which
 he had just visited. But the editor
 of the paper briefly remarked
 "Would it be from the point of view
 of Wellington or from the point of
 view of Napoleon?" Evidently this
 made considerable difference. This
 being interpreted in our case means
 that what you could do in the west
 was not always the same as what
 you could do in the east, but the
 same code may be parallel somewhat
 viz., that you can steal a lot at a
 time but not a little thing. One is
 a crime the other not.

DEGREES OF CRIME

Still it was a peculiar fact that
 small things were seldom lifted by
 the traveller or guest though he
 might go off with your horse band
 if he fancied it and could get away
 with it. Mr. H. A. Donovan, one of
 our oldest timers, relates that at one
 time he left upon a chair, by his bed-
 side, a gold chronometer worth about
 \$250 for several weeks while he was
 away, forgetting that he had left it
 there. The door of the shack was
 open and several people came in over
 night and slept and ate in the house,
 sleeping often in the bed alongside
 the watch, but when the owner re-
 turned the watch was still there.
 Several travellers who met our
 friend at intervals in other parts

told him about his watch and one
 man incidentally remarked: "I had
 a mind to take it but I didn't."

Stealing these little things when
 hospitality was free was a hanging of-
 fence and too small for most western
 ideas. The smaller thief arrives with
 the railroad and is more civilized!
 Still the west was always a little
 more thorough in action with crim-
 inals for occasionally the horse
 thieves were rounded up and hanged.

THE MODERN SCHOOL GIRL.

(Life).
 Make haste to school, my little child,
 Or else you will be late;
 Your books are all aslep now,
 And here's your sterling slates.

Your pencil has been boiled an hour
 'Tis germless now, I hope;
 And don't forget to wash your desk
 With this carbolic soap.

And lest about the schoolroom floor
 Some unseen microbes lurk,
 Just sprinkle formaline around
 Before you set to work.

You'd better put, for safety's sake,
 Bichloride in the ink;
 And water that has not been boiled
 You must not dare to drink.

Oh, better, when recess comes
 around,
 Some food you'll want to munch;
 So in this disinfected box

'Is pedigested lunch.
 And since 'tis said that in a kiss
 Bacteria may dwell,
 I may not give you, as I'd like,
 A mother's fond farewell.

Make haste to school, my little child,
 And leave my tender care;
 And may you still be safely kept
 From microbes in the air.

HIS FIRST JOB.

The first job that Casey got in
 New York was as a driver to work
 on the foundations of the new
 bridge. Everything was explained
 to him, "And," said the foreman,
 "all you have to do is the same as
 you do on dry land. You're not
 afraid of water?"
 "No, sorr," said Casey, "so long as
 'tis on the outside of me."
 "Here's your pick," said the fore-
 man, "and now we'll screw the hel-
 met on." "Good bye!"
 "Phat'll I do if there aint gas
 enough to go around for an honest
 workman?"

"Full the rope," said the foreman.
 "If anything goes wrong, pull the
 rope." "Bedad, an' I will," said
 Casey.

Down he went in regulation style,
 only kicking a little, as new hands
 will. Lower and lower went Casey
 until he struck bottom. Then there
 was a pause. The men at the derrick
 laughed. Then like a flash the
 rope was pulled violently again and
 again. Something was wrong—it
 was a new hand—it was a question
 of life or death, and "swilling hands"
 strained at the windlass, which
 brought Casey to life and liberty.

"And what was the matter?"
 asked the foreman as he unscrewed
 the helmet and found the man ap-
 parently all right.

"Arrah," said Casey, "an' I'd ha'
 done me duty, but how in thunder
 do you expect a man to work with a
 pick if he can't spit on his hands.
 Will you tell me now?"

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HOW A NEGRO WAS PREVENTED FROM SUCCEEDING TO AN ENGLISH PEERAGE.

The Earl of Stamford has just had a close shave for his life, says a letter from London. In the park of his Cheshire county place, Dunham Massey Hall, he fell into the lake while feeding his young swans. He scrambled out again and ran home in his dripping clothes. But it will be a long time before he goes near the water again.

This incident recalls another close shave, how he came to get the peerage at all. Fifteen years ago he was a professor of Latin and Greek at Cudington College, Barbados. He was very poor, very respectable, very learned and very religious, the son of one clergyman, the son-in-law of another. His uncle, the former Earl, after an extraordinary career, left us heir a half breed son whom British law pronounced illegitimate, and so the title passed to the clerical nephew, after two years of indecision and litigation in the House of Lords.

MAILED KAFFIR GIRL.

The life of this eccentric uncle was a shady one. In early life he was the Rev. Harry Grey. After being twice a widower, he went to Natal as a missionary. His dealings with the dusky belles on the African coast did not altogether do justice to his cloth, and the church decided to get along without him. He went to Cape Colony, where he wooed and won a Kaffir maiden named Martha Solomon, a daughter of the notorious "Queen Reb." With this colored woman he lived for several years, and three children, two daughters and a son were born to them. Martha was persuaded by the Salvation Army to leave him, because they had not been joined in the bonds of holy wedlock. But they came together again, and were married in 1880 under the rites of the Dutch Church. Three years later the Rev. Harry found himself Earl of Stamford, although he was something like a fourth cousin to his predecessor.

NEVER SAT IN THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

This eighth Earl made a queer peer. He never set foot in the House of Lords, for he never left Africa. He lived with his colored Countess in a shanty at Wynberg and had a stone bungalow at Muizenberg. He published this blunt notice in all the Cape newspapers: "Lord Stamford wishes publicly to state in consequence of numerous applications for pecuniary aid he has received, that he is no moneylender; at the same time as he keeps no company, he desires no visits from either of his residences, Wynberg or Muizenberg." When he died in 1890, the House of Lords was in a quandary, for his only son and heir was a mulatto. It was the same old negro problem. It finally decided that he had been born before his father's marriage he was not legitimate, according to the Cape Colony law, that marriage legitimized him. So it took the title away from the mulatto, and this is how it came to the respectable, middle-aged professor in the Barbadoes.

A BLACK LADY OF TITLE.

The Kaffir Countess, who had not grown more blond with age, was not contented with widowhood, and two years after her husband's death she married a Boer of mixed blood, and became Vrou Pieterse. Though she has thus gone out of the peerage, she is supposed to be still sweetening the life of Pieter. But although her earlier children were disinherited, there was one daughter born to the Earl and Countess after their marriage, in 1881, whose name appears in the English peerage as Lady Mary Grey, the family name, and who is entitled to apply for

presentation at court whenever she pleases under her undisputed title. But as she has never taken into her head to do so, Lady Mary Grey is supposed to be still reposing in the maternal household at the Cape. The maternal household, by the way, has inherited an income of about \$50,000 a year, even if it does lose the title.

IT WAS A FAMILY WEAKNESS.

An almost more extraordinary career than that of the Rev. Earl Harry was that of the seventh Earl, his predecessor, a third or fourth cousin. He was very fond of the turf, and he married in early life and under romantic circumstances a woman who is described in the peerage as "Catherine, daughter of Henry Coocks, Esq." As a matter of fact, however, she was none other than the notorious Kitty Coocks who adorned the variety stage for several years amid hilarious popularity. When she once secured the Earl, she secured also the box seat to Queen Victoria at the opera. The scandalized Queen protesting, and said she could not think of going to the opera any more until Kitty Coocks had changed her name. Kitty was possibly pleased by the Queen's attention, but as she had no idea of moving away, the opera saw no more of royalty that season. The newly married couple went to Bowden to live at Dunham Hall. They expected a welcome of wedding bells and cheering from the townspeople, but they got nothing but silent stares and sullen faces. The villagers were not pleased with the lineage of the new Countess. She was not half Norman enough to suit their ideas of aristocracy. So the Lord and Lady drove away again next day and never set foot in Dunham Hall again. The Earl had no children, so his title and his property were separated, just as they were in the case of his successor, the Rev. Harry. The Countess Kitty Coocks got among other things the splendid Enville Hall in Staffordshire, built in the time of Henry VIII, and with a gorgeous conservatory covered with oriental domes of glass.

AN ANCIENT FAMILY.

The Earl of Stamford belongs to the ancient house of Grey. The first Grey had the right from King Richard I, to hunt the fox and hare on the King's own lands. The widow of one of the Greys later on became the Queen of Edward IV, and the son of this Grey was made Earl of Huntington and Marquis of Dorset. The second Marquis carried to the sword of state at the famous meeting of Henry VIII and the King Francis of France on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The third Marquis became the first Duke of Suffolk, and married a granddaughter of Henry VII. He was the father of Lady Jane Grey, and was beheaded on the same block a few days after his daughter, in 1555. One of the Greys later signed the death warrant of Charles I.

The quiet professor who now holds the title comes of an adventurous race, but inherits few of their qualities. He is a licensed reader and lay preacher, and often preaches at missionary meetings. He often holds lunch hour services in a little mission chapel in one of the crowded business streets of the metropolis. Once the children of the neighborhood got together their fathers and mothers and brought them to the chapel because "a real live Earl" was to be in the pulpit. When the people filed out after service, a woman was heard to say, "He don't look a bit like a lord; he just looks like a clergyman with nothing around his neck."

An Old Time Ontario Election

To the Orillia Packet. Col. O'Brien ex-M.P. recently contributed the following article on an old-time Ontario election:

"The transfer of the town site to Barrie put an end to Kempenfeldt, but one incident in connection with it may be recorded. In the winter of 1841 occurred the general election which led to the establishment of responsible government in this country. The constituency of Simcoe embraced not only all the present county of that name, but several townships both to the east and to the west. The election was the last that took place under the old system, when the voting was open, and was continued for a week. It was not then illegal to convey voters to the poll, or to refresh them on the way. Open houses were kept in the interest of each candidate, and conveyances were provided to carry the voters to the poll. The expense, of course, was considerable, and it was remarked a proof of the enormous cost of the election that the successful candidate spent seven hundred pounds. Considering that the contest lasted for a week, during which everything in the shape of meat and drink was free to those who chose to take advantage of the liberality of the candidate it was not surprising that the voters should come to Barrie by sleigh, that they came from Beaverton on the east, and from beyond what is now Collingwood on the west, from Holland Landing on the south, to Penetanguishene on the north, it must strike the modern politician who, under present circumstances, will think he gets off easy with an expenditure in an election lasting one day, in an area of four townships, that the science of political campaigning has not much developed in those ancient days. Be that as it may, in this contest, as generally throughout the country, party feeling ran high; the memories of 1837 rankled in the hearts of many, and fears were apprehended that breaches of the peace might take place. Impressed with this feeling, and especially with the idea that the Orangemen of what is now South Simcoe might come into conflict with the Reformers from the north, some civil magistrates in charge of affairs at Barrie made a requisition for military aid; and, in consequence of their representations, a detachment from the regiment then stationed in Toronto was sent up. As by law no military force can be allowed within a certain distance of a polling place, the detachment was quartered at Kempenfeldt, in a house built and occupied by Mr. William Mann, the first settler there, who will be remembered many years later as doing business in the city. However, as it happened, the services of the warriors were not required, and the election passed off quietly, resulted in the return of Mr. W. H. Robinson, M.P., Capt. Steele, R.N., already mentioned as one of the first settlers in the county. His opponent was the Hon. W. H. Robinson, brother of the late Chief Justice of Upper Canada, who for a long period represented the County of Simcoe in Parliament.

POOR, BUT HONEST.

A young, smooth-faced, sharp-eyed chap climbed upon an empty box where the crowd of idlers from the shops and offices was thickest, and began in a perfectly calm way to harangue those who would stop to listen to him. He gathered a number to him with his first few sentences:

"My friends, I ask you to pause for a moment and listen to my narrative. I am a poor but honest man. My motto is 'Excelsior' with accent on the second syllable. My parents are dead, and I am a lone orphan."

"These personal facts are not related here to arouse your charitable instincts. I do not ask for alms. All I desire is a fair show to make my own way in life, and, having walked these pavements for several days in search of work, have come to this desperate pass."

"I propose to try to do something never yet done since Adam first wore trousers. I am going to pass among you with my hat on my head to chip in a penny apiece; and then, my friends, I shall attempt this wonderful feat. I shall try to turn a quadruple somersault in the air."

He jumped down from the box, gravely passed his hat around, paying no attention to the chaff addressed to him, and collected a score or more of pennies. When he was confident that no more were to be obtained, he returned to the box, put it aside, carefully buttoned his coat, and, as he turned, and turned a pretty fair somersault. He turned another and another, and then remounted the box and again addressed the crowd.

"Kind friends, I have tried to turn a quadruple somersault, as I said; but I cannot do it. Thanking you one and all, I remain yours truly."

And now a man in the crowd uttered a complaint as he faded swiftly from their midst.

It is expected that the Bell Telephone Co.'s line between Melancton and Lethbridge will be completed by the first of the next week, when the latter city will be able to talk to Edmonton.

H. M. Stewart, late of McLeod, has been appointed manager of the Bank of Commerce at Vermilion.

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WALTER FERRIER

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This is the boy who won a pair last year by selling the most copies of The Saturday News during the fall and early winter. He sold between fifty and sixty copies a week, and besides winning the boots and skates made money on every paper that he sold.

Who will win the Boots and Skates this Year?

The Saturday News will give another pair to the boy who sells the most copies of the paper before December 28th.

To every boy who sells on an average 25 papers a week before that time and does not win the boots and skates a pair of skates will be given.

Besides that, remember, you will have no trouble making anywhere from \$1.00 to \$2.00 each week from the sales of your papers.

Come around to The Saturday News Office on Howard Street, back of the Bank of Montreal, on Friday afternoon or any time on Saturday.



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IN AUTUMNTIDE.

The apple seeds are black at core;
The linden leaves, like fairy ore,
Shed the effulgence of their gold,
Paving the pathways green before.

More pliant grows the thrush's
The quince's cheek is yellow ripe;
And the smooth pallor of the pear
Reveals, like dawn, a russet stripe.

The minstrel wind behind the hill
Above its strings is never still;
Autumn through all the brooding
land

Works the rich wonder of its will.
As in a necromancer's glass,
We watch the radiant pageant pass.
Wood waving bannerfluck to wood
Across the evening scene of grass.

Forgetful will the hours presage,
We feel that we have plucked a
page

From the untroubled Book of
Dream—
A leaf from out the Golden Age!

—Clinton Scollard, in Appleton's
Magazine.

CASSIE CHADWICK—A REMINISCENCE.

Temper fugit. Already I find
myself indulging in reminiscences,
and when you arrive at that stage,
behold you must have passed many
milestones.

Now if you are still intoxicated
with the mere joy of living to-day
is enough, no need to hark back to
the jolly good times you had at lake
or dance or here or there; memories
were made for those the best
part of whose life lies behind them,
by which you will see I must be be-
ginning to travel crawfish fashion—
a bravo confession from any woman.

But speaking of memories brings
me back to the one in hand—Cassie
Chadwick—whose death has been
widely noted in the American and
Canadian press during the week.

So many clever criminals come
and go and so many others rise up
to take their place in the public eye
that many of you may long ere
this have forgotten the woman
whose colossal financial feats started
the whole of America not longer
than three or four years since, but
to-day when I picked up a Wood-
stock paper and saw that the body
of the unhappy captive of the Ohio
penitentiary had been brought back
home and quietly, almost secretly,
buried from her mother's modest
little cottage—the face and history
of the poor dead woman rose up be-
fore me, vivid, intense, true, I was
again back in Woodstock listening
to the first tidings of her tremen-
dous exploits in the midst of an edi-
torial office all up in the air over a
telegram from Cleveland announce-
ing that Mrs. Chadwick was a former
Woodstock girl, called Betsy
Bigley, and soliciting all the infor-
mation that could possibly be gathered
regarding her and her early life.
I can see now the reporters
scurrying off to interview old-
timers and locate her old mother.
I can see them again at their desks
wildly scratching off what copy they
had gathered, and the city editor,
poring over the files of many years
back. In the end it was the files
that yielded up the ghost—those
cruel unforgetting records that lie
forgotten and dust-covered, slum-
bering, until a man believes them
out of mind, when they rise up to
smite him. Oh it is not the clever
detectives and old people that a man
with a record need have most fear
of, but the pitiless little black char-
acters that tell the story he would
fain have buried and tell it in a way
no court of justice will question.
That night the gas jets burned far
into the night in the down town
office of the daily paper, and late
in the evening came a "phone to
my house, querying could I get off
on the early morning train to Cleve-
land to interview the prisoner. The
assignment didn't appeal to me and
I answered, "No, absolutely impos-
sible." But out of Toronto on the
train I was to have taken, sped
"Kit," who had the only authentic
interview with Mrs. Chadwick ever
published.

However, if their woman editor
did balk at rushing off to question
the noted adventuress, the early
light of morning found her minis-
ter of life history the property of the
little group of men who had stalked
it down with unerring feet. Mother
and sister might refuse the report-
ers admittance, I remember ours sat
on their doorstep for the better part
of the day, but nevertheless the
afternoon paper blazoned forth the
smallest details from her earliest
childhood up till the time she had
left her native town. The beginning
of her career of crime, where
it lay recorded back thirty years or
more, a small theft, on and on—the
facts were indisputable. And what
subject matter for a novel or a ser-
mon the record furnished. Born at
the little village of Eastwood a few
miles out of Woodstock, in the
humblest of homes the child grew
up, as I suppose the average village
child does grow up, monotonously,
uneventfully.

Of this part of her life I remem-
ber little, indeed Betsy Bigley was
at this time so insignificant a figure,
and to be sure so many years to
come that she might have passed
out of memory completely had it not
been that about this time she com-
menced to give evidence of the crim-
inal instincts that were to be her
ruin. While yet barely in her teens
we hear of her printing on her
cards "Heiress to \$15,000" and actu-
ally floating notes for a few hun-
dreds.

And then we lose sight of Betsy
Bigley, to hear of her years later as
the wife of Dr. Chadwick, a well-to-
do widower, prominent as a society
man and physician in Cleveland's
wealthy circle.

But in between lay a life of in-
famy and adventure, into which one
had better not look too closely. In
that time Betsy Bigley had played
many parts and answered to many
names. Mrs. Hoover, Mrs. Bastien,
and Madame de Vere among them.

While the curtain has been drawn
and Betsy Bigley been preparing for
her final role as Mrs. Chadwick,
wife of a prominent and seemingly
respectable man, the girl has in
reality been going to a hard school—
the world—where she was proving
an apt pupil in sizing up men and
evolving schemes whose very bold-
ness rendered them successful.

And now ensues a period of
calm. As the wife of a well-to-do
husband our heroine has now turned
her attention to collecting a wonder-
ful wardrobe, priceless art treas-
ures and all manner of luxurious
comforts.

About this time she appears in
the public eye as the giver of sum-
ptuous parties and the most extrava-
gant entertainments. In all this—
mark you she is ably assisted by Dr.
Chadwick whose name and position
are to aid so materially in the plots
even then under consideration.

At this stage of the game Mrs.
Chadwick must have already baited
her fish, her own fascination, ac-
quired who knows where, and her
hint of "trust securely ally with
my personal mystery, proving
only too tempting a bait for the
men in high finance who were to be
her victims.

Into the routine of the imposture
it is unnecessary to go. It is inter-
esting to note only that a scandalous
background, and a list of securities
certified by a trust company, and
of a trust receipt seemingly
acknowledged by Mr. Carnegie were
useful weapons of warfare.

Why none of the numerous bank-
ers and business men concerned
ever appropriated Mr. Carnegie to
verify his connection with this mis-
tre of finance, no one appears to
know; Mrs. Chadwick's hints as to
the pain it would give her were the
veil torn from her past, and a cer-
tain air of innocent rusticity com-
bined no doubt with the tender in-
terest each felt for the lady herself,
were seemingly sufficient guarantee
for these excellent gentlemen for the
illimitable credit they placed at her
disposal.

We have here a hint of the cou-
lisses of high finance and further
Balzacian possibilities. As for the
rest, it is the old sordid story of
bribes and bonuses, the victims for
the most part deserving little sym-
pathy. They undertook the shady
business knowingly, lured by the
promise of usury and of fraudulent
personal profit. It was a case of
a poor misguided, criminally clever
country girl's wits pitted against
the business acumen of men who
were supposed to know the game
from the ground up; the woman
played her hand the most skillfully
and the rest of the players had to
pay her.

Mrs. Chadwick's sensational career
of dupey attests nothing more
cleverly than the power of snobbish-
ness. Analyzed ruthlessly, her
arguments were simply her glamor—
as a woman absolutely without
personal fascination, and her legend
that she had a sure hold upon a
multi-millionaire. Both the appear-
ance and the legend were old to
examination. But neither investi-
gation was made. Mr. Reynolds,
being unwilling to question a fine
lady ungraciously, graciously vouch-
ed for securities he had not seen; a
dozen bankers declined to rake up
a possible scandal. This timidity
toward the flatterer, as represented
in Mrs. Chadwick and toward
great reputation in her alleged pro-
tector is a singular instance of a ro-
mantic snobbery prevailing over the
impersonal laws of justice. Becom-
ing she so accurately measured the force
of the money-worship in the people
with whom she had to deal Betsy
Bigley was always so credited with
something like genius. Her actual
dealings were vulgar enough; origi-
nality lay in choosing a legend that
robbery would want to puncture or
dare to probe.

I spoke two weeks ago of the part
fine clothes played in Mrs. Chad-
wick's scheme of things. "The
woman who wore good clothes and
rustles and wears a smile can make
a victim of any man she chooses"

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once remarked this student of the opposite sex, which is perhaps an exaggerated way of stating that fine clothes do have a very marked psychological effect on nearly every man.

Mrs. Chadwick understood to perfection the art of dress, so far as using it as a means to the one end she had in view was concerned. She worked men, not women. She dressed for men, not women, and therein lies a difference not easily defined. Women while greater snobs than the average man are, I believe, much better judges of human nature, and less apt to be taken in by mere clothes.

Still, if hard-headed business men have repeated experience with women of Mrs. Chadwick's type, they ought soon to become as discerning and wary of women of a certain type who wear "good clothes that rustle," as they now are misled and impressed by them. It will then be necessary for feminine tricksters to don garments of the Hetty Green type and work their methods in humble guise.

The rustling gown will not always prevail.

And now we approach the last chapter in this remarkable woman's sad career. What had been inevitable from the beginning, the exposure of her plot, came as most exposures do come, as a thief in the night, without warning. It found Mrs. Chadwick, the social queen, the bestower of innumerable bounties, who had lavished her money on people far and wide, without one friend, seeking in vain for a few thousand dollars bail to keep her out of prison.

Friends gone, everything she had plotted and planned and suffered for, swept away at one stroke, the broken hearted woman and state convict has at last come to her rest, the earth that fell on her coffin lid in the home town of Woodstock forever closing out of sight, the woman who might have been anything, had an understanding hand been near to guide her when she made her choice of destiny.

THE Y.W.C.A. SHOWER.

It doesn't often "shower" beds and China and lovely fleecy blankets and books, and vegetables, and table and bed linen, and useful kitchen utensils, and groceries, and buffets and dear knows what—not even if some people do aver they've seen it rain "cats and dogs"—but if you were watching the paper you might have seen it announced that on Tuesday last the new "Y.W.C.A." was looking for a beneficent "shower" of some kind, and in Edmonton had need of it. You, who have houses of your own, realize how much is required to put things in running order, how much for long advance notices, and working materials. And Thursday morning the Y.W.C.A. had only an empty house, a big cheery stove and an anxious matron and a gazette, expecting promptly out of windows for the "loaves and fishes" it was hoped another miracle would provide for the needy institution.

Some people smile at me for having such implicit faith in Jonah and miracles and such things—but you skeptical ones should have seen the "loaves and fishes" enacted to the life once more.

The ladies composing the board of the newest institution had appealed for a "shower" and in response came a deluge, a deluge of such generosity and whole-heartedness as made one's heart want to look at. Pillows and bed spreads and handsome mirrors, cutlery and a clock, the entire furnishings for the living room from the Westward Ho Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire to a similar outfitting of the hall and office from the Beaver House Chapter.

All afternoon carriages and rigs drove up and deposited mysterious bundles and drove away again only to have their places taken by others, but I think the best part of the whole proceedings was the unselfish interest displayed by the women of Edmonton generally, and not only by the ladies but by the men who did so much to make the cause of the woman opening a box of Christmas offerings destined for herself could have looked happier or more eagerly expectant than the group of women who foregathered for the "shower" for this home for girls.

The cause is so needy a one—we have in this new city of ours so many young women who are looking for a refined home under Christian auspices that it was imperative that something be done. And so a band of women who had the cause at heart started the venture. It is, as the word I have just used implies, a "venture" one. There is a very great need of money to put things in smooth running order and every contribution will be most thankfully received, generous as was the "shower" much is still required, picture to make the walls look homelike, bric a brac, books to start a library, oceans of small things, but we believe they will all come in good time. The cause is non-denominational and must appeal to every woman who loves her fellow sisters. Arrangements have been made to receive regular boarders, two girls in a room, at twenty dollars a month each, (which includes room and board). Boarders by the week at four dollars, and those coming in

for separate meals at 20 cents for breakfast or ten, and a quarter for dinner.

Good, substantial wholesome food will be served, well cooked and daintily served, and it is believed that many will avail themselves of the opportunity.

On Tuesday tea was served during the afternoon by the ladies of the reception committee and on Friday night of this week Mrs. Bulver will declare the institution formally opened, when a large reception will take place.

Boarders and roomers should put in their application at once as the quarters are now ready for occupancy.

A PERSONAL PROTEST.

It is always unpleasant to have to touch on subjects that personally concern oneself through such a publicity as they now are afforded, and I have decided to register my personal protest against the manner in which what are known, in the parlance of the newspaper, as the "courtesies of the press" are extended in Edmonton.

Candidly they are only remarkable by their absence.

Quite frankly let us have this bone of contention settled once and for all. Elsewhere when an organization decides to give a dance, a concert, or artist to give a concert, when theatrical managers produce a play and so on and so forth, tickets are invariably promptly forwarded every newspaper office in the city. Why? Because any person with a grain of common sense realizes that a news paper is not a philanthropic concern, run to boost entertainments and people promiscuously at the paper's expense. A paper exists to make money just as any other concern that aims to make money, and there is no money in sending reporters and editors chasing around town reporting money-making enterprises, taking time, space and money to do it, without even receiving common courtesy in return.

Frankly the average reporter, whether on the social or news end has generally had his or her surfeit of entertainments and concerts, etc., etc., and certainly would just as willingly abstain as not. When, however, in addition to the trouble of a write-up, and the use of so much of his paper's space he has to pay for his entrance to give that write-up, you will readily believe his opinion of the whole affair is summed up in the phrase "a rather nervy proceeding."

My experiences along this line have come to Edmonton to the point where I have had men and women anxious to promote certain concerts and entertainments, come to me asking for long advance notices, the names of influential persons to see, and take up hours of my time, planning their affairs, who have never had the common decency to ask even my paper's space, as one miserable ticket for the same. If I could acquire half their presumptions I should be a rich woman.

I have had persons with articles for sale ask me to boom them for their personal benefit and at the expense of my own time and my paper's space, they'd be dreadfully enraged. I told you before, advertising happens to be the particular business in which newspaper people are interested, and I should as soon think of asking Mr. Jones to "throw me in a new shirt waist, a new bonnet, or a new pair of shoes" as I should think of asking me, or any newspaper for a free write-up of your special commodities.

A dancing committee who are too small to furnish complimentary tickets, a concert organization too mean to extend the usual courtesies, have no right to expect any notice, and I think you'll find will fail to get any.

If I went to all and various of the things I am asked why I didn't attend, I should be ready to be moved over the hill to the poor house. Any really deserving charity I am always more than glad to aid in, even churches vent for their N. Y. should the hard-working newspaper proprietor and his staff be the only ones to pay the fiddler?

HOME AND SOCIETY.

To London Town from Babylon the world went long ago! For you, for you, I pause and can't stand—ly.

Mrs. Wallbridge arrived home on Monday from an extended visit to the east.

Mrs. Pardee entertains on Friday evening at a dance in honor of her guest Miss Gooderham, of Toronto.

A number of friends were at the station on Tuesday afternoon to bid "bon voyage" to three popular visitors who were leaving for their various homes—Miss Gascoigne, Miss Rudolf, and Miss Cardell.

During her visit to the golf tourney and for the remainder of her stay in town, Miss Cardell was the guest of Miss Supple at Mr. Supple's home, which was one of the brightest guests at a number of happy social affairs.

Engagements and rumors of them have made the past week's tea hour gossip more than usually interesting.

On Saturday a few intimates made the discovery that the clever young lawyer and his bride-to-be, who has made a host of friends for herself during her short visit, all happiness. The little bird, who knows whispering, the engagement also marked the birthday of this erstwhile invulnerable bachelor.

If it did, it is a happy event surely, and have I not already guessed the little bird very often guesses right.

If the ranks of the society girls of Edmonton are not speedily augmented, we shall very soon have no "unmarrieds" at our dances, at all. At the Lacrosse Club ball the fingers of one hand could have numbered the bachelor maids, which is really rather a remarkable state of affairs when you come to think of it.

Whispers of yet another engagement, and still another, interesting ones they are too, lead one to believe that things are getting worse instead of better, so if any of Edmonton's young matrons have any attractive girl friends in the east now is the psychological moment for them to make their appearance.

Mrs. Creighton entertained very delightfully at the tea hour on Thursday.

Mrs. James Biggar was the hostess of the Club Bridge on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull and their family returned from a delightful holiday at Banff at the last weekend, all looking in splendid health and spirits.

Mr. and Mrs. Calderon have leased Mrs. Edmiston's house for the season.

This is to be a great year in Ottawa for debutantes, the social news from the Capital, being largely taken up with announcements of "bachelors" and "coming out" parties to be. Among the fair debutantes are mentioned Miss Gladys Carling and Miss Anna Oliver, their daughter of Hon. Frank Oliver, for whom two large balls are to be given during the Christmas holidays.

Miss Sadie Wishart's marriage to Mr. Roy Douglas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Douglas of the National Park, Banff, has been set to take place very shortly.

Dainty Slippers

Up to the present time it has been almost impossible for the ladies of Edmonton to get anything nice in slippers for evening wear. We have given this matter particular attention and feel sure we will be able to please you with something from the immense range we now have in stock.

CORDED SILK SLIPPERS in court or strap styles. Colors white, black, pink, corn, blue and red.

UNDRESSED KID AND SUEDE—Court or strap styles in navy, black, grey, brown, green, champagne, purple and red.

PLAIN WHITE KID in different styles.

PATENT KID in a great many different styles.

We have all the above in widths from A to E and sizes from 2 to 7.

Don't forget that we carry the Wichert & Gardiner (New York) Shoe, one of the best on the market.

The Acme Co., Ltd.

Miss Kerr, of Cobourg, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Donald W. Macdonald ever since the arrival of Mrs. Macdonald's bonny wee daughter left on Thursday for her home in the east—another visitor who will be very much missed in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hamilton expect to get into their house about the end of next week. As is almost always the case the "last touches" to the new house have taken considerably more time than was at first anticipated, necessitating a tiresome delay in getting settled. Friends will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Hamilton, who for a week or more has been considerably under the weather, is now convalescent.

In the midst of what has been an unusually happy and merry week for us, came the terribly tragic news of Mr. George Gouin's death at Cooking Lake on Saturday.

There are some events in life so unexpectantly heartbreaking that the mind cannot dwell on them without the most intense depression. "Why," one asks oneself "this sudden taking-off of a life on the threshold of the greatest happiness. Why in the midst of the joy of living must we endure the pain of these irrevocable separations?"

There seems no adequate answer, and yet, as Mr. Gray so beautifully and touchingly remarked at the impressive funeral service, back of it all must lay some great and wise purpose, which we in our poor humanity are unable to fathom. Being human we can only feel the bitter loss, can only see the pitiful part of it all.

In this week's Toronto Saturday Night the announcement of the engagement of Miss Mabel Squerry to Mr. George Gouin, appears, and the date of the wedding, the twenty-first of next month, is mentioned. To the suddenly bereaved girl and to all his people, the heartfelt sympathy of the entire city will be extended.

On Friday evening a number of Mr. Mowat Biggar's bachelor friends gave him a surprise party at the house of one of the birthdays of which no doubt he will soon begin to want to lose count.

At any rate it was an exceedingly merry party, there being a grand three-storey birthday cake with over so many candles one didn't dare to try enumerate the sorts of jolly toys and funny limericks, over which the guests had huge fun, and when the cake was opened, a gay and giddy bachelor "cross the river" was found to have the ring—sure sign of his own immediate wedding; another had the button, the little bird needn't whisper any tales about him, and the money I suppose the financial stringency explained the situation—but whoever got it—remained mum.

A jolly dance took place until midnight, varied with songs and funny speeches and then the guests departed, to learn on the morrow that the dance was really a farewell to Mr. Mowat Biggar bachelor.

This Autumn we have had many times remarkable for the beauty of their table arrangements and the care of detail that always goes towards making for the success of such functions, but everyone seemed agreed that Madame Thibault's very large and delightful farewell tea, on Thursday last, given for Miss Gascoigne and Miss Rudolf, was one of the very prettiest and most ambitious yet undertaken.

There was just enough nip in the air to make the cosy home and a fragrant cup of tea the most desirable things one could wish for on the lovely afternoon, and apparently all the world and his wife (for what a host of women beautifully frocked and smartly hatted crowded the room) seemed to think the same thing.

Madame Thibault understands to perfection the art of entertaining. Montreux all appear to, and as she welcomed her guests at the entrance to the cheery library I thought her looking wonderfully sweet and attractive. The gown she had chosen for the occasion was a lovely soft lavender abundantly trimmed with pale cerise lace and insertion. Miss Gascoigne was radiant in the prettiest checked navy blue silk with touches of narrow gold braid and lace, "one of the most attractive girls I have ever met" said a woman whose taste can never be called into question and indeed this merry, unaffected girl can count her friends by legion in Edmonton.

Miss Rudolf too, was looking so pretty and winsome, frocked in a girlish gown of Persian lawn, all Val lace and insertion, and little ruffles, and she also was having her share of the regrets and wishes for a speedy return.

To attempt a description of the handsome gowns worn would be folly. I had more than I could manage to sketch faces. Mrs. James could not help noticing, such a remarkably fine looking woman, frocked with exquisite taste in a very handsome toilette of heavy brown silk with a striking hat to correspond. Miss James was also present, wearing a becoming subdued costume of black and white checked silk bodice with a nutty tailored skirt. Others I noticed were: Mrs. H. C. Wilson, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Biggar, Miss Whitney, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Soratt, Miss Supple, Mrs. Soehle, Miss Cardell, Mrs. Calderon, Miss Mary Gray, Mrs. Metcalf, Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. DeC. Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Brantwaite, Mrs. Dawson, and a great many more.

The tea table was really lovely, being centered by silver candelabra on a mirror base with many brilliant shaded red lights; the center-pieces being of exquisite lace over crimson silk ceramium leaves outlining the lace, and high vases of crimson geraniums being disposed at the four corners. Here Mrs. Biggar and Mrs. Mowat presided, while Mrs. Jack Anderson served the tea at a smaller table, and a bevy of young girls passed the dainty refreshments.

Throughout the rooms many (Continued on page 4)



THE LATE GEORGE GOUIN
(From a snapshot taken at the golf links less than a week before his tragic death.)